



## THE SOCIAL CORNER

A FRIEND TO EVERYBODY IS A FRIEND TO NOBODY

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

### EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good helpful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper.

Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwich, Conn.

### SOCIAL CORNER PRIZES FOR MAY

First Prize, \$2.50.

To Frank of Moosup for "Quickly Prepared Dishes."

Second Prize, \$1.50.

To Louise, of Lebanon, for "Good Tested Recipes."

Third Prize, \$1.00.

To Jane, of Bridgeport, for "Method of House Cleaning."

### WHEN WE BECOME FAILURES.

Dear Sisters:—The other day I read something which has been such a tonic to my mind and spirit that I want to tell you of it. It was in the story of the play, "The Country Boy," where Merle says to Tom, "Believe me, son, a man's failure until he admits it himself." If any of you think you have failed, just remember to quote Merle again, that "those who have the right stuff in them refuse to acknowledge that they're licked, so they shut their teeth hard and go at it once more." But some one will say: "There are people who fight valiantly all their lives yet fail. Had we a clearer vision we should see that some of the apparently defeated ones are really successful."

A little poem by Hattie Hunting Pearson explains this so clearly and beautifully that I have copied it for you:

"Here lies a man, an honor to his race,  
Who sought the best content with  
nothing less:  
From lowly station climbed his upward way  
And now the glorious height men call  
success:  
But, counting all as but a trust to  
hold,  
He used his wealth his fellow-men to  
bless."

"Here lieth one whose high and fair  
ideal  
He sought with tear-dimmed eyes,  
And long;  
Who met with sorrow and defeat and  
loss,  
And bore the burden of another's  
wrong,  
Yet gave to other men a helping hand,  
And cheered the struggling ones with  
prayers and songs."

For both await the Master's word:  
When  
For heathen seems to do God's will  
alone,  
To serve mankind whether his lot shall  
fall,  
That man is good and great, though  
all unknown:

Success is his, the laurel wreath and  
palm,  
And the shall come at last into his  
own."

Hoping that these thoughts will help  
us overcome one of the hard places, I am  
sincerely yours,

AUNT MERTABEL.

Windham.

### A GREETING FROM A NEW SISTER.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: Is there room for one more? If so I should like to come in and say "Hello" to you all. I am such an interested reader of the Social Corner that I ask myself, "What would the paper be without such a bright corner?"

A sister I never had, and now it is such pleasure to write to her. The letters are taking on such a family effect, regardless of who it is who is writing. I am sure the sisters by the hand and foot into their kind and smiling faces. Such housekeepers and cooks! Where are there such others?

"Just I" made me think of my own plain way of living. We are more than one, and yet not a dozen. There is so much written about sunshine, pure air and water, I and mine are where we can enjoy all three. We are outdoors most of the time, and such lovely scenery! The trees are now putting on their new spring dress, and to watch the growth of the leaves and the different colors in green; and the sunsets; they are lovely. Would not exchange for moving pictures. (Have nothing against them.) As for the sunbathers, he is too bright and smart a fellow for me. He is up a long while before I have my eyes open.

I have never been in Colchester, but I have read so much of "M. Roena" that I feel as if I could go right straight to her home on account of the beautiful flowers that she writes. It would be a pleasure to meet with "Faye Verna," then "Frank of Moosup," "Clara of Canterbury," "Sweet Lavender," all the good sisters.

What has become of "J. E. T." and "Centennial Square?"

How "M." will enjoy looking at the new members that to form a part of the new home.

I think to have a friend is to be one.

I am interested in the old people and children. Have good news with both. Will close now by wishing good luck to the Social Corner.

READY.

Leonard's Bridge.

### A KINDNESS TO GOD'S CREATURES

Dear Sisters and Editor of the Social Corner: As I sit down to write, the birds are as happy with their little songs, and the thought comes to me: "How happy they are!" Perhaps I should not have gathered courage to write but to put a protest against the practice of cooping of the little creatures which God made free. I hope those who are inclined this way think how they would like to be shut up in one small room and never allowed freedom. You could not be happy if so placed, no matter what wealth or good case were given you.

At one time a red-bellied bull terrier came to our house. So beautiful were these blood-red feathers that they almost dazzled my eyes, especially when they flapped their wings in the sunshine.

A little child wanted me to watch the nest, and when they were old enough she would give me one dollar for one bird.

I told her "No" that it was wrong to shut them up for such a purpose.

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for many a young man's downfall, for surely no proud youth would take his first love whom he was a picky, clothes, filthy and ragged, and it was known that he spent a night in the lockup, or perhaps a month in Brooklyn jail for drinking. You pass him with a feeling of pity for him, and think "it is too bad he has no more respect than to act so!" Oh, yes, but every road has two sides. We looked at one now let's look at the other. Here comes a man down the other side dressed nice, has a nice home and stands well in business. He comes to the street whistling, humming, gives you a hearty slap on the shoulder and says: "Come on, Richard, let me treat you to a cooler!"

You begin to twist around and say: "Oh, thanks, but I don't care." Then you are urged and finally asked: "Why you don't want to go?" You don't give any special reason, but simply say you don't believe you care to.

Boys, why not tell him that you are standing up for Jesus; that you are a soldier of the most honored army ever formed, and in that bright light you will march until you meet the Great Commander. But, alas! you don't care. You are urged to ruin. Your first thought is to mean: "What does it mean sorrow and disgrace. It leads to so many bad things, you must beware of liquor of all kinds. Sometimes your path may be lonely, for there is always music and bright light until you begin to realize that it is too late to turn back—the lights go out."

May we all remember that when friends to whom we cling forgo us when whistles the heart that will not break; when sorrow clouds spread over our sky; when peace besets with earth and strife; when foes arise to seek our life, along the path where dangers rife. May we walk safely with Thee; be Thou our friend; in Thee alone can we depend. Let's be a soldier brave and true; join with Master's band and on him depend.

### MOTHER-IN-LAW'S FRIEND.

### REVIVED OLD MEMORIES.

Dear Editor of the Social Corner:—Duane Bromley's poem on "The Milk White Birch" is grand. I shall always keep it. I, too, was brought up in the milk white birch. I read the poem over and over. It brought back old memories of a happy childhood home. No care or worry, no fuss, in that dear old home, where the milk white birch and dear father—God bless them both! Oh, if I could only go back in years and live over some of the happy days again!

The dear, faithful old soul! sighed Alice, as she joyously sniffed the fresh air: "she surely remembers it's my birthday today—thinks I have forgotten the gradual dropping of the surprise supper for me. To think one could get blue, with such a faithful friend as Martha to live with, though true friends never leave one behind."

When one has passed beyond the more active stage of the world's work, in fact, disguise it as she would, the reality remained that Alice Alden was that old, faithful friend, Martha. Though, as was natural for one with her broad views of life, she felt that somehow the fault was her own. One of her keenest disappointments had been the gradual dropping of the correspondence with her old pupils.

For several years since leaving Pinewood she had faithfully kept on writing, and the occasional replies from different ones becoming fewer and farther between, until at last the correspondence had ceased altogether. She had hoped that the stress of circumstances, such as illness or other emergencies in life, had been the cause of her failure to write, yet at last she was forced to believe the cold, bare truth, that her pupils had all but forgotten her. And though the morning stop at the post office was kept up, why she hardly knew, for it was getting to be distinctly harder to hearten for each other.

"Nothing but the newspaper, this morning, Miss Alden!"

Yet the thoughts of what the day would be without the pleasure of the morning paper made her feel decidedly more thankful, "for," she thought, "there are many who cannot have that luxury." So she cheerfully asked:

"Any mail, this morning, Mr. Postmaster?"

"Why, I'm sorry to say, Miss Alden, down the tops tightly and then cover the jars with hot water and cover pot or boiler with a cloth or piece of carpeting; and do not disturb until the water is cold, then screw the cap tighter, if possible, and when used these will be found to be delicious."

To Can Rhubarb in Cold Water—Take fresh, tender young stalks, which need not be peeled as a rule, cut up into small pieces and pack into clean jars with pure running cold water; let settle and then fill again to overflowing and seal airtight; then put away in a cool, dark place. When wanted for use, drain off and prepare as you would freshly-picked rhubarb.

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade—To seven pounds of finely-cut rhubarb add five pounds of granulated sugar, the pulp and juice of four oranges and four lemons, and boil slowly for two hours and turn into jelly glasses.

Thought, wishes and desire expressed on paper are wonderful, and the letters blue huckleberries in corn-meal cakes for breakfast! My! Weren't they good? Hubby has just sent me a note, and they are fine. We can them every season.

Moosup. FRANK.

### A DELIGHTFUL POEM.

Editor Social Corner:—Many thanks, Mr. Editor, for printing Mr. Bromley's poem in your Corner. It was a treat to me, for all of us. If the poet will only come back to Connecticut for our Social Corner picnic we will see that he has all the "Johnny-cake and other good things" that he wants.

How many the sisters are studying birds these days? Bird-study in this town has been given quite an impetus by Prof. Job's lecture last week. I heard one person say that birds are more plentiful this spring than usual. Whether there are more or less birds, certainly more notice is taken of them and of their songs. Can any of the sisters tell more than ten birds by sight, and more than five by the song, alone? And how many encourage the birds to build or nest around our house?

Columbia. CORNFLOWER.

### THE ELUSIVE AGENT.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner:—Thought, wishes and desire expressed on paper are wonderful, and the letters we read Saturday are very interesting.

I just want to tell some of my friends about a mistake I made on the installment plan, lest they err the same way.

A young man comes to my door, wishes to sell some silver, and after trying half an hour or more to make him understand that I had no use for it, it ended by his saying I could have the silver for \$4.40 when the agent calls pay him 25 cents a week.

The agent called, learned I had silver put out by a Hartford firm, asked no other questions, but took his 25 cents and left.

This continued until the \$4 were paid. On the agent's return again I asked, "What are you here for now?" His answer was "For money."

I told him that I owed him nothing. He contended that I still owed him \$3. He explained about the first young man and how he had paid me. The agent said he would inform him about the other young man and what he had done; also requesting that I hand over him a certain piece of silver to show the firm. The first man left the

## ALICE ALDEN'S SURPRISE

To be discouraged on this of all mornings seems to Alice Alden to be little short of sinning, when one should be especially thankful that God had given one the privilege of living in this beautiful morning, morning, Alice Alden descended into the street, where Martha, dear, faithful Martha, at once both an inspiration and practical saint, was, it seemed more lively than ever, cheerfully doing her morning work.

"So you're going for a walk, Miss Alice? Well, it sure is a beautiful morning, isn't it? I hope the good Lord will be after givin' ye pleasant memories this day."

"Why, Martha, why should one have pleasant memories today any more than any other day?"

"Why? Because," stammered Martha, "well, you see, Miss Alice, I suppose, being as it's such a beautiful morning, I just couldn't help wishin' ye pleasure. You, as has always done so much for others, don't ye be after thinkin' you're forgettin' all those years you have lived the life of a teacher, given up all your time and sacrificin' yourself."

"Indeed, if I'm not mistaken, there's many a one as owes their successful career to the fact that they have things was mostly against 'em."

"Oh, Martha, I don't believe I've done a bit more than my share of helping, and anyway, what are we in for? I'm not for makin' those about us? If I were to make a guess I should say you were the one who has done the most helping; and I'm going to step into the store and bring you back some of your favorite tea as a tiny gift to show you my appreciation of your kind wishes this morning. You have cheered me more than you realize."

"The dear, faithful old soul!" sighed Alice, as she joyously sniffed the fresh air: "she surely remembers it's my birthday today—thinks I have forgotten the gradual dropping of the surprise supper for me. To think one could get blue, with such a faithful friend as Martha to live with, though true friends never leave one behind."

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### SOCIAL CORNER STORY

your paper seems to be lost; but there's a heavy letter for you, and perhaps you can make out the postmark, but I must say it's beyond me."

The guileless innocence of the honest old postmaster was so familiar to Alice Alden by this time that the smile which overspread her features would have been said by the casual observer to be due only to the pleasure of receiving a letter.

The unfamiliar writing caused Alice Alden to wonder, and as she reached the seclusion of the shaded path she hesitatingly drew forth the enclosed envelope.

"Dear Miss Alden," it ran: "I am sure you will be surprised to receive a letter from me; and I consider it a bit of good fortune to be enabled to write to you in this way. About twenty years ago, before I left my old home, I corresponded with you, but in the confusion of moving away your address was lost. Many times I have thought of your splendid influence in the old days in Pinewood and would gladly have written to you, but all attempts at finding your address failed. I suppose you cannot realize the gratefulness your former pupils feel toward you. Recently upon coming back here from the west, to take up my residence on the old home place, I found that nearly all of my old schoolmates had located elsewhere—such changes do twenty years create."

As I visited the old boyhood haunts, and especially the schoolhouse, the longings for friends of other days re-possessed themselves into a concrete form the suggestion of an old home week. Mentioning this matter to several of the townspeople, I found much enthusiasm, and the unanimous opinion was that you should be chosen the guest of honor, but all said your present address was not known, that in the many years since you had left Pinewood there had been so many changes that now no one here corresponded with you, and that the name of the town to which you had moved had been forgotten.

Now this was where I could be of material assistance. In the general cleaning and preparations incident to moving back to Pinewood, we looked over and destroyed many letters written years ago. Among them we found one of yours, written soon after leaving Pinewood; also a birthday book, in which you had written your name and a good wish for me. I do not need to tell you that said letter was all of kindly and thoughtful interest in your former pupils. The whole family was delighted with the discovery and one of my boys exclaimed:

"Hurrah! Blessed be house cleaning!"

I immediately corresponded with all the old schoolmates, through a circular letter, which I enclose. It is evident that they are all delighted with the idea. You will see they have not forgotten that our little school here in Pinewood was called the best in the state. And how proud we all were of that fact! We realize now, as we did not fully then, how much that enviable reputation was due to your untiring interest in us.

We have decided upon the first week in September, and already preparations are being made for what many of the old residents declare will be the greatest celebration our little community has ever known.

Almost breathless with joy and surprise, Alice Alden read the enclosed letters, every one speaking of her influence in the life of the water words of gratefulness that seemed to the refined gentleman like letters of gold. Surely life was a blessed opportunity. The years of sacrifice back there in Pinewood were years of golden promise, and now she was reaping the happy harvest.

The joy of her experience was still shining on her face as she reached home, and to the faithful Martha, Alice Alden seemed like one who had had a beautiful vision. The two gentlemen ate their simple meal in gratefulness, each with the satisfaction of having done well the work in life accorded to them.

PATTY EMERALD.

### Refusals to Pay Big Board Bill.

While the late John A. Peck of Guilford was alive he contracted with Jeremiah A. Shea and his wife, Catherine Shea, to receive the comforts and necessities of life at the hands of the Sheas as long as he might live. In return he agreed to leave the Sheas \$300 to be paid out of his estate after his death. Recently Mr. Peck died and now J. Myron Hull, administrator of the Peck estate, has notified the Shea family that their claim could not be allowed, and lawyers have brought suit to recover.

### Ought to Make a Hit.

Having failed of fame as the roaring lion of the senate, Jeff Davis now is trying the sphinx game.

—Omaha Bee.

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DR. JACKSON, Manager.

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